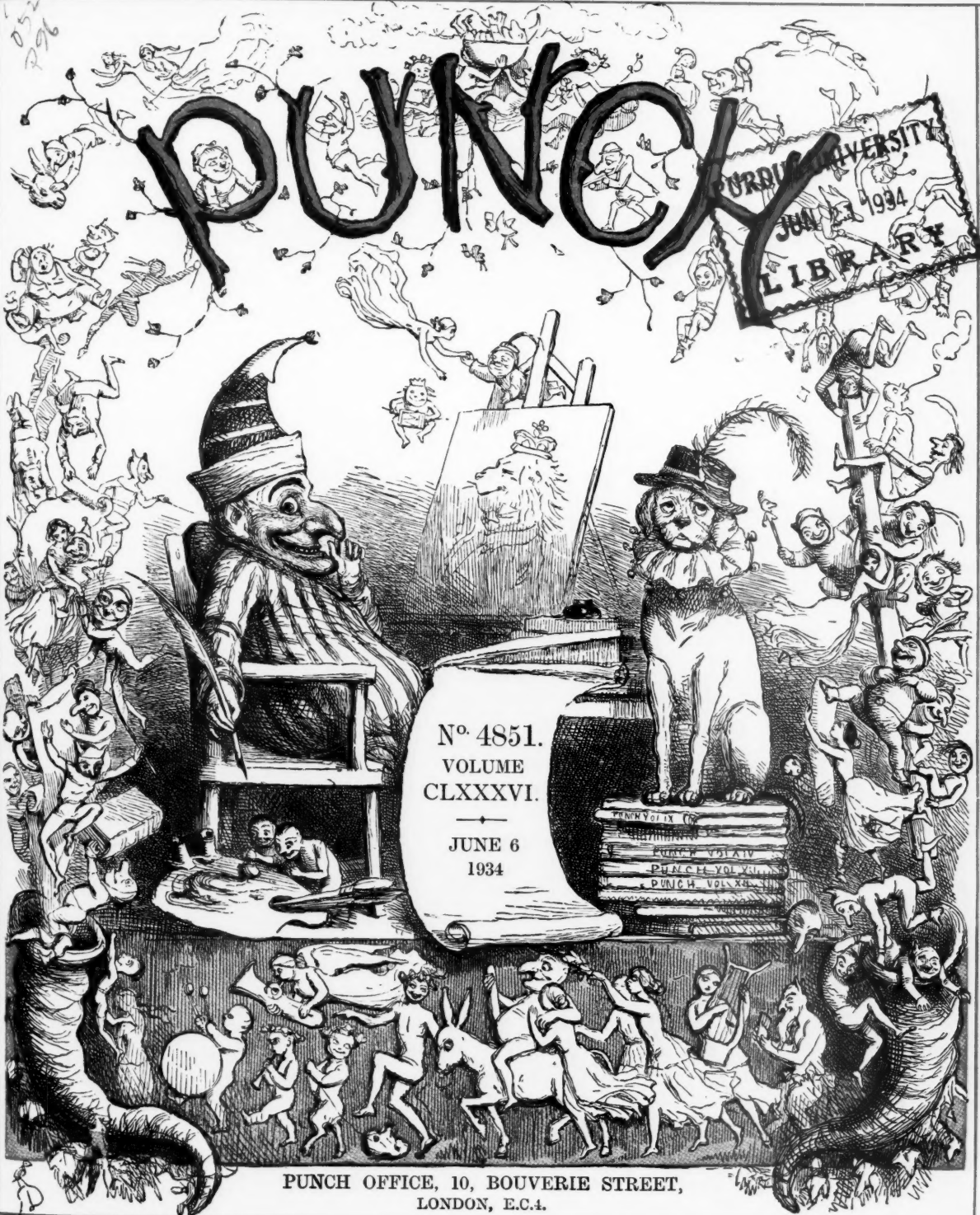


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C.F.H.



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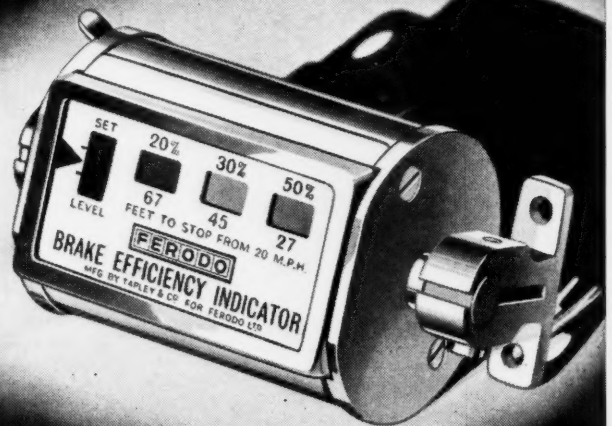
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Charivaria.

ACCORDING to a correspondent, Paraguayans are wondering what they are fighting Bolivia for. It is not that they are worrying, it seems, but strangers have started asking questions.

A famous political economist thinks the time will come when the capital of the United Kingdom will be moved from the south to the north-west. There is also a suggestion that some of it should be removed to America this year.

It seems by the way that British subscribers to a loan to the State of Mississippi, which has never been repaid, included members of the family of WORDSWORTH, then Poet Laureate. Delicacy of feeling may therefore decide Mississippian tourists to omit the Lake District.

Scientists say time flows both ways. So does a tube of tooth-paste if it comes to that.

Somebody has discovered that tortoises love but-tercups. Farmers who wish to clear their fields of the yellow weed should have them grazed by herds of tortoises.

An epidemic of elephant-stealing in Ceylon is reported. In this country chicken-stealing holds the lead in popularity, as you can carry so many more in a bag.

Owing to the breakdown of a motor-lorry in London last week an omnibus collided with a large cheese. No blame

attaches to the driver, who sounded his horn three times.

"What Makes Us Tired?" is the title of a pseudo-scientific article. What makes us tired is pseudo-scientific articles.

to hear fragments of a lecture. Just as undergraduates do.

"The jellyfish . . . has his days of sadness and joy," says Professor THOMPSON. His saddest day is when the electors find him out.



Friendly Window-Cleaner. "OF COURSE PLEASE YOURSELF, SIR, BUT THAT'S THE ONE I SHOULD WEAR."

There is a right and a wrong way of entering the sea, says a weekly paper. A good plan is to walk into one of its edges.

The Hotel Biltmore in New York has a special room for meditation. Guests find this most useful just after paying their bills.

It was a happy idea that a broadcast of familiar events in university life should give listeners-in an opportunity

a Cambridge rowing coach, but it is understood to have declined the Light Blues' offer of the loan of a crew.

A writer states that he is going to Epsom this year to see the Derby. He couldn't choose a better place.

"At the 18th Miss — was fortunate in striking a spectator to the right of the green with her second."—Daily Paper. Some people have all the luck.

Ability to speak Welsh is a condition of membership of a certain golf club. Candidates, we suppose, are required to play a round in the language.

"Si Va Oltre!" has been adopted by the Italian National Alpine Association as the slogan to be borne on its flags. A strange device.

The theory advanced by Professor ANDRADE that it is impossible to get sunburnt in the afternoon, as ultra-violet rays cannot then reach the skin, would seem to justify office-workers in demanding their Saturday mornings off.

A person could be born cheaper fifty years ago than one can now. And the funny part of it is that it was worth a lot more then.

Oxford is to have a Cambridge rowing coach, but it is understood to have declined the Light Blues' offer of the loan of a crew.

This and That.

THE odds shouted about the Disarmament Stakes at Geneva in the middle of last week, so far as I can understand, were 10 to 1 BAR-THOU.

★ ★ ★

On the general question *The Times* wrote:—

"Since other nations show no inclination at the present time to reduce their armed strength, the process of equalisation can only begin by a partial increase of the strength of the disarmed Powers, which, if made by agreement, would be controlled. . . ."

I daresay that is so. It brings me, at any rate, to my

Ode to (Gradual) Disarmament.

Disarmament! Thou sweet and radiant thing
Whose dove-like presence hovering o'er the cities
For ever passes on, engendering
The egg of International Committees!
I think thy nest is in the olive-trees,
And I have heard thee on a bush of myrtle
Singing of multi-lateral guarantees—
Ingenuous shape! half-phoenix and half-turtle!

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Or to a horse not backed by many punters?
Or count thee as a wounded stag at bay,
With bold BARTHO the foremost of the hunters?
Problem of earth? White elephant? The text
Of countless speeches and unending sermons?
Imbroglia of pacts? Poor nymph perplexed
By Signor MUSSOLINI and the Germans?

Rainbow? Chimaera? Meditative maze
Of box- or yew-trees? Gesture of contrition?
How shall I call thee in thy latest phase?
Or shall I rather find some definition
Out of a lexicon unformed as yet?
"DISARMAMENT": a phrase most apt and charming,
Used by the nations, in their conclave met,
To signify the process of re-arming?"

★ ★ ★

But there is no reason for despair. My own private impression is that some kind of agreement to establish some sort of convention outlining a possible basis of provisional concord, if and when certain necessary safeguards are forthcoming, will be drafted at about the same date as the settlement of the problem of Waterloo Bridge.

The great mistake is to hustle.

EVOE.

Robinson Cruiser.

(Extracts from his mental and spiritual balance-sheet, with due acknowledgments to a more illustrious perpetrator of this sort of thing.)

EVIL.

I am cast upon an enormous ship with no present hope of escape.

It is a bit thick that Providence should inflict this sort of holiday upon me at my time of life.

GOOD.

But Elizabeth and the girls are enjoying themselves tremendously.

But how much thicker staying with Elizabeth's people in Scotland, which was her only alternative!

EVIL.

We have been at sea only a few hours and I am feeling sick already.

If Elizabeth had not become friendly with the Cocksbody I could have joined James at Westward Ho!

I am without any means of defence against being made to play bridge with the Cocksbody.

What a mob!

Not a hope.

With Elizabeth one definitely does. She won't be giving any chances after that silly business at Pontresina. That's what I dislike about going abroad: you get a bit tied up with the language and the next minute some ferocious-looking foreigner wants your blood for insulting his wife.

Am rendered gloomy by contemplating extraordinary types of young men my daughters seem to find a use for.

Nevertheless, am oppressed by feeling I ought to rout out Elizabeth to do something about it.

Powerless upon this heaving waste of water, I may be doomed to accept something like that as a future son-in-law.

Gloom intensified by approach of Cocksbody and the unlikelihood of anything happening to the vessel.

"L. E. Temps observes, 'it is to London we must look for direct repercussions of Franco-Belgian conversations.'"

West Indies Paper.
T. H. E. Times is in complete agreement.

GOOD.

But it excuses my keeping myself to myself. One cannot plead sea-sickness on a Scottish moor, even if Elizabeth's relations would let one alone on that account, which they wouldn't.

But that would not have given me an unselfish glow, which is ample reward. And James always beats me anyway.

But it is clear that there are far worse things on this boat than bridge and Cocksbody. Sports, for example, and all this toy-balloon business.

But some of the girls don't look too bad, especially that little fair one in the what-d'-you-call-it.

But, with Providence, one never knows.

But the little fair-haired girl doesn't appear to be married, and she's obviously American. Elizabeth's dead nuts on British and Americans getting together. Might nail her there. Anyway shall see when we go ashore at Algiers or wherever it is.

But expect it is their clothes and conversation I don't care for. Daresay sound at heart and helping to support widowed mothers and all that.

Reflect effort quite unnecessary as Elizabeth not likely to do anything about it. Always declares the girls can be trusted to behave themselves, and wishes I could.

But is it not more than likely that if anything were to happen to the vessel these young men would cast aside their modern what-is-it and behave magnificently?

But Providence has also created deck-stewards, and where there is a deck-steward there can be a stiff brandy-and-soda. D. C.



THE PEACE DERBY.

"OH, MR. HENDERSON, I CAN'T EVEN *SEE* DISARMAMENT."

"LYING BACK A LITTLE, MADAM, AT THE MOMENT, BUT BOUND TO WIN IN THE LONG RUN!"



"I'M IN AN AWFUL STATE, DOCTOR. I'VE STARTED DISCUSSING THE TEST MATCH WITH MYSELF."

A Ballade of Bowls.

THE morning that succeeds the night before
Is not the time for bowls; nor he the man
Who on the previous evening roistered late
With song and dance, fair maid and foaming can.
Where the sedate, the assembled elders play,
For such the mat is spread, the roller rolls;
For such alone the grass is green and gay—
Only the really virtuous should play bowls.

For that, the steady hand, the single eye,
The gait controlled—austere—the serious vein,
That only men who walk in virtue's way
And shun the seats of scorners may attain.
Let others still with skittles jocund play,
And wink the gladdened eye that artful rolls,
And frisk at Ascot all a summer's day—
Only the really virtuous should play bowls.

The artful dodger may play chess, the best
Men of unbridled speech in golf engage,
Ping-pong demands of character no test,
Cricket allures the sinner as the sage;
The football-field acclaim the rude, the
rough,
About the rink the blithe backslider rolls,
At every other game excels the tough—
Only the really virtuous should play
bowls.

ENVOI.

Prince! Is the price not something too
severe
That poor humanity is asked to pay
For being good at bowls? I am quite clear
This is a game that I shall never play.

The Thoughts of Youth.

I WAS vaguely aware that my little friend, Podgy McSumph, had been dancing on his toes and waving his arms about as we strolled along together, but I am afraid I had been paying scant attention to him.

"D'ye no' see whit I'm doin'?" he demanded at length.

"Certainly I do, Podgy," I prevaricated. "You're—you're pretending to be boxing."

"Well, I am not," retorted Podgy. "I'm practisin' to be a goalie."

"Of course you are. I should have known that."

"When I'm a big man wi' lang troosers I'm goin' to be a goalie."

"I'm sure you'll be a splendid goalie."

"But I'm just goin' to be a goalie for a wee while."

"And what are you going to be after that?"

"One time I was goin' to be a golfer for money, but auld Davie Stodge said I was to stop bein' it because when ye're a golfer ye just get beat wi' Americans."

"And I'm sure you wouldn't like that."

"An' noo," continued Podgy, "when I'm done bein' a goalie I'm goin' to be a knight."

"What sort of knight?"

"A knight wi' a helmet an' armour an' a white horse. An' my horse's name's to be Princey."

"And I know what you're going to do."

"Whit is it, then?" glancing up at me sharply.

"You're going to fight the dragon, and then—"

"Well, I'm not," cried Podgy triumphantly. "Because I'm goin' to take the Princess awa' from the castle, an' then we're to get married."

"But what if the Princess said she wouldn't go with you?"

"I would give her a slap on the face," declared Podgy.

"Then you would have to run for it."

"But Princey's to be the fastest horse in the whole world."

And so Sir Podgy McSumph galloped away and became "a barber wi' a white coat." And after he had amassed a fortune, chiefly "wi' tips" apparently, his thoughts turned strangely to the Church.

"Ye get a lot o' money for bein' a minister."

"I'm not so sure about that, Podgy. But if you were a minister you would have to be very, very good."

"Would ye? One day in oor hoose auld Mrs. Dusty said if ye was bad ye would maybe turn into a lawyer."

"Did she indeed?" I gasped.



"WELL, WITHOUT WISHING IN ANY WAY TO BE NASTY, ELSIE, 'E DON'T MAKE MUCH OF A PICTURE—EVEN 'EAD AND SHOULDERS TOOK SIDWAYS."

"Ay. But," he proceeded to explain, "I'm no' to be a minister for a long, long time yet. Because first I'm to be a pirate."

"I see. But you'll need a ship for that."

"But ye capture ships when ye're a pirate. That's whit pirates is for. An' Willie Pilkie's comin' to be a pirate too. An' we're to get millions an' millions o' pounds wi' capturin' ships an' droonin' everybody."

"And what are you going to do then?"

"Then," he replied, sighing contentedly, "I think I'll just come hame an' I'll be a minister."

"But, Podgy, a pirate wouldn't be nearly good enough to be a minister."

"Would he no'?"

"Of course not."

After pondering over this difficulty Podgy finally decided, "Well, I think I'll just finish up wi' bein' a lawyer. But"—a thought suddenly striking him—"would a pirate be bad enough to be a lawyer?"

Chelsea, 1934.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think you know how fond I am of Flower Shows. I love the social side of the thing so much—the band and the parasols and tea at a shilling a head in the refreshment tent and the certainty of meeting everybody who is anybody in the parish and all that. Then there are the sports, which are great fun (the Mothers' Sack Race is often the most amusing event, don't you think?), and the roundabouts tootling away in a corner of the grounds; and somebody makes a speech and I waste half-a-crown at Bowling for the Pig; and then to wind up with there's dancing on the lawn till ten—in fact a rattling good time is had by all.

So you can imagine my excitement when I was asked to go to the grandest Flower Show of all, the Royal Horticultural Society's Great Spring Show at Chelsea. I was a bit nervous about my clothes, naturally, but I bought a panama and borrowed ten shillings for the side-shows, and off I went as happy as a—what is it?—as happy as a sandboy is long or something, though who or what a sandboy is or does and why he is so happy or so long I have never been able to discover.

Well, to cut a long story short, I had the most tremendous disappointment. It didn't seem so bad at first; there weren't many parasols about certainly, and the dresses were nothing like what we see down here at Puddlehampton; but there was a band all right, and plenty of people, and a really magnificent spread of canvas. Gradually, however, as I wandered or rather forced

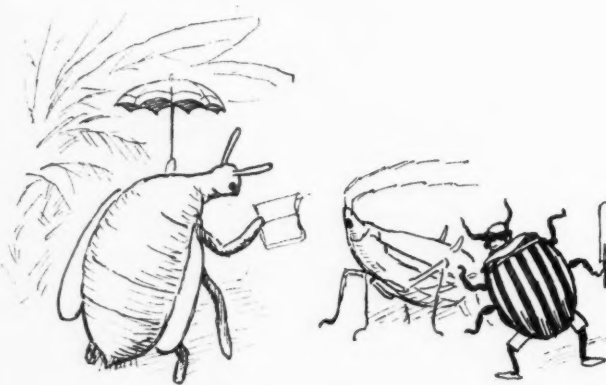
my way round the grounds the terrible conviction came to me that there were *positively no roundabouts* at this Show. Did you ever hear of such a thing? A function of this sort without a Fair! As well ask me to appreciate duckling

without green peas as a Flower Show without the prospect of a tuppenny ride and a go on the swings to follow.

After this you will not be very surprised to hear that there weren't any sports either—not even Bowling for the Pig! I did think I had found some side-shows once when I got into a place full of stalls called Sundries Avenue (a pretty name); but I realised my mistake immediately when someone tried to interest me in billhooks—a thing no man can do—and another was all for sending me a trial hundred-weight of fish-manure. I told this man that all I wanted at the moment was hoop-la, but he couldn't help me. He said they weren't stocking those old-fashioned fertilisers now.

Still, I don't want you to think that I failed to enjoy my afternoon at Chelsea. Far from it. Once one had got it into one's head that London and Puddlehampton do not see eye to eye in the matter of Flower Shows and that people here come to see the exhibits rather than the final of the Egg-and-Spoon, everything was splendid. Puddlehampton may lead the way in the scope and variety of its entertainments, but so far as flowers are concerned, London, I feel bound to say, is in a class by itself.

The display in the Great Marquee is so overwhelmingly beautiful that it put me in mind at once of Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS. Writing the other day about England in springtime, and in particular about "the golden rapture of the laburnum-trees," he said, "I have often been drunk with beauty, but the laburnums have made me more drunken this week than I have ever been in France or



UNWELCOME VISITORS.

Mrs. Thrips Tabaci. "NOW THEN, VIRUS, RUN ALONG WITH LITTLE COLORADO AND PLAY AMONG THE POTATOES WHILE I LOOK AT THESE TOBACCO PLANTS."



TO WEARERS OF FLORAL HATS: BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU STAND.

Italy or Spain or Greece or Palestine or Rio de Janeiro, and heaven knows that I have been very drunk indeed in these beautiful countries." It was sad to reflect, standing there among the carnations and the sweet peas, that it would never be safe for him to attend the Chelsea Flower Show. One glance inside that tent and he must inevitably have been haled away to the cells as an ordinary "incapable."

What is the use of attempting to describe to you the thousand-and-one splendours that I saw and marvelled at? Rhododendrons, tulips, begonias as big as soup-plates (and much more handsome), dahlias, cinerarias, aquilegias, schizanthus—I could go on for hours if somebody would only tell me where I put my catalogue. And around one all the time the pleasant easy talk of simple gardening-folk. Is there anything more delightful than the grave preoccupied conversation of your true garden-lover? Listen to these two ladies just behind me:—

"Friday she comes, then on Saturday there's a rehearsal; Sunday—let me see, yes, Sunday's a quiet day. Then on Monday she's got to have her hair done. So you see the poor girl simply hasn't got a moment."

"My dear, I wouldn't dream . . ."

Well, well; these pelargoniums are very lovely.

Apart from the big marquee and of course the Rose Tent, I think you would enjoy the Scientific Tent as well as any. There are some splendid things here—things like the Life History of *Thrips tabaci*, an amiable little tomato pest, and a chart of the "Suggested Rhythmic Fluctuations in the Numbers of Wheat Midges," which ought to put anyone who sees it off farming for the rest of their



SPECIALISTS
AND NOT ASHAMED OF IT.



OXALIS ADENOPHYLLA.

(A lesser rock-plant)

"THIS IS JUST OUR SIZE."

lives. And how would you care, Sir, to contract any of these diseases—*Black Scab*, *Bean Pod Canker*, *Narcissus Smoulder*, *Dahlia Smut*, *Bitter Rot*, *Peach Leaf Curl* or the horrible *Spotted Wilt*? If only "tomato" rhymed with "potato" I should feel emboldened to write you a short ode about the first and last of these dreadful scourges. Instead let me quote this gorgeous little prose-poem. It is headed quite simply "Chlorophylls," and it runs:—

"The green pigments of the leaf consist of two closely-related and similar complex carbon compounds [note the alliteration] containing a small proportion of the element magnesium and having the chemical formulae $C_{55}H_{70}O_6N_4Mg$ and $C_{55}H_{70}O_6N_4Mg$."

And that, you see, Sir, is why leaves are green.

I have omitted much that I really meant to tell you, but I have said enough perhaps to show you how it is that the Chelsea Show can afford to do without its roundabouts and its side-shows. The Scientific Tent is really every bit as good as Bowling for the Pig; and, for the rest, there is more than enough beauty to compensate one for the loss of a cokernut or two. Indeed the sunshine and the music and the scent of the flowers went to my head to such an extent that for a time I felt almost on a spiritual level with Mr. DOUGLAS. I have never been drunk in France or Italy or Spain or Palestine or even in Rio de Janeiro, but I did once, when no one was looking, bestow a furtive caress on Mrs. H. Bowles, who happened to be near me. One can do that sort of thing of course in the Rose Tent.

Your very intoxicated
H. F. E.

"CLAPHAM COMMON.

A SEAT SOLD."

Daily Paper Headlines.

What about the bandstand?

Pamela's Special.



THIS morning, exhibiting controlled but confident triumph, Pamela informed me that she had dreamed her Derby dream. Pamela is my wife; and perhaps I should explain that her Derby dream is a hardy annual. It is vouchsafed to her some time before the race and enables Pamela, her husband and the young lady at the hairdresser's to place shirts on the horse indicated. There is never any doubt about the dream itself nor, after the race is over, about the horse; but up to the present neither Pamela, her husband nor the young lady at the hairdresser's has ever backed a winner.

Pamela can explain this. "It's perfectly clear," she said sadly when the result of last year's race came to us over the wireless. "The dream pointed straight at Hyperion. The trouble was that we failed to interpret it properly."

"If I remember correctly," I said, "in the dream you were fishing on a mountain."

"Exactly," said Pamela, "and of course we thought of King Salmon. Anybody would. But I see it all now. One mustn't take these things too literally. Mountain was only meant to mean something high; and one naturally fishes from a pier. A high pier, you see, and I was on it. **HYPERION**—it's as plain as a pike-staff."

"At the time it was as plain as a salmon-rod," I murmured.

This year the dream seems well up to sample.

Pamela is not addicted to virile sports, but she did once see a championship fight at the Albert Hall. In her dream she was there once more—in the ring, simply attired in a one-piece bathing-costume. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, the referee, was announcing to a large and enthusiastic audience that she was about to engage in a fifteen-rounds contest with CARNERA. "On my right," said Mr. MACDONALD, "sits one who, by his prowess in the vast realm of spor-t, has honoured the land of his birth all over the great wur-ld. I refer to CARNERA, the noblest Roman of them all."

Mr. MACDONALD was then wafted out of the Albert Hall on a golden cloud. At this juncture Pamela realised that she was dreaming her Derby dream, so she naturally paid close attention to what followed.

She felt no fear, but she *did* think that CARNERA's chances were distinctly better than her own. She waited until the gong sounded. Then she walked up to him and said, "Mr. CARNERA, I have no wish to hurt you, and I should simply hate you to hurt me. I am prepared to take the count." Thereupon the Albert Hall turned into a jungle and CARNERA into a large tiger licking its lips. The tiger said, "Good-morning, Mum. It's half-past eight"—and Pamela awoke to find Emily standing beside her with the early-morning tea.

"The whole thing is obvious," said Pamela, after telling me the dream.

"It is," I agreed. "It's high time Emily learned to cook welsh-rabbit."

"Don't be foolish," said Pamela. "I never have indigestion. I mean the Derby. The horse is Colombo."

"Why?" I asked, puzzled.

"CARNERA," Pamela replied. "He looked so big—just like an elephant; and an elephant means India, and I feel sure Colombo must be in India."

"In that case," I said firmly, "Easton is indicated. I don't believe Colombo is in India, but it certainly is in the East."

"A little far-fetched," was Pamela's comment. "But it does show we mustn't just jump to conclusions."

She picked up the morning paper and turned to the racing-page. "I've got it!" she announced—"Medieval Knight. That would explain the fight. A sort of joust, you see."

"I see."

"Unless of course it's Blazonry. There certainly was a blaze of light."

"No," I said, after reflection, "it's not Colombo, it's not Medieval Knight and it's not Blazonry; it's Umidwar."

"Umidwar?" She consulted the paper. "There is a horse called Umidwar."

"Bathing-costume," I put in helpfully.

"Yes, but—oh, I see. Humid wear"—(Pamela is quick in the uptake)—

"It might be. But what about Windsor Lad? Albert Hall, Prince Albert, Windsor Castle."

"Or Tiberius?" I suggested. "What has Tiberius done that he should be ignored?"

"Who was Tiberius?"

"A Roman emperor."

"Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD certainly did say, 'the noblest Roman of them all.'"

"Tiberius wasn't the noblest Roman of them all," I objected.

"Neither is CARNERA. What a pity

there isn't a Mussolini! Oh, but it might be Lo Zingaro."

"Why?"

"Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD was dressed as a gipsy. Didn't I mention that?"

"You did not," I said; "but no matter."

There was a long pause. I thought Pamela had fallen into a sleep of exhaustion, but I was wrong.

"The tiger!" she cried. "It was licking its lips, just like a cat licking butter off its paws."

"I may be dense," I said, "but I fail to see—"

"Butter," interrupted Pamela. "BUTTERS is the trainer of a horse called Badruddin. Look for yourself."

"He is also the trainer of a horse called Umidwar," I said after looking for myself.

"Oh, damn!" said Pamela. "I shall have to start all over again and go through all the trainers; and I'd better look at all the jockeys too. You never know."

"Pamela," I said severely, "there are nine horses mentioned in that paper, and according to your dream every single animal is going to win."

"Oh, dear!" she sighed.

"And there is one point you have overlooked," I continued. "Didn't you encounter the tiger in the jungle?"

"I did, of course."

"Very well; a jungle is land densely covered by forest. The opposite of a jungle is an open space, a field, in fact **THE FIELD**."

And that is why Pamela, her husband and the young lady at the hairdresser's are having nothing on the Derby this year.

Stroods Orchard.

THEY have planted an orchard down at Stroods,

Thirteen apple-trees in the green grass;

So easily the young boughs bend,
You must tread softly when you pass.

The Lady of the House, she took
And set them here and there at will

To bear fruit for Penelope,
Priscilla, Jennifer, and Jill;

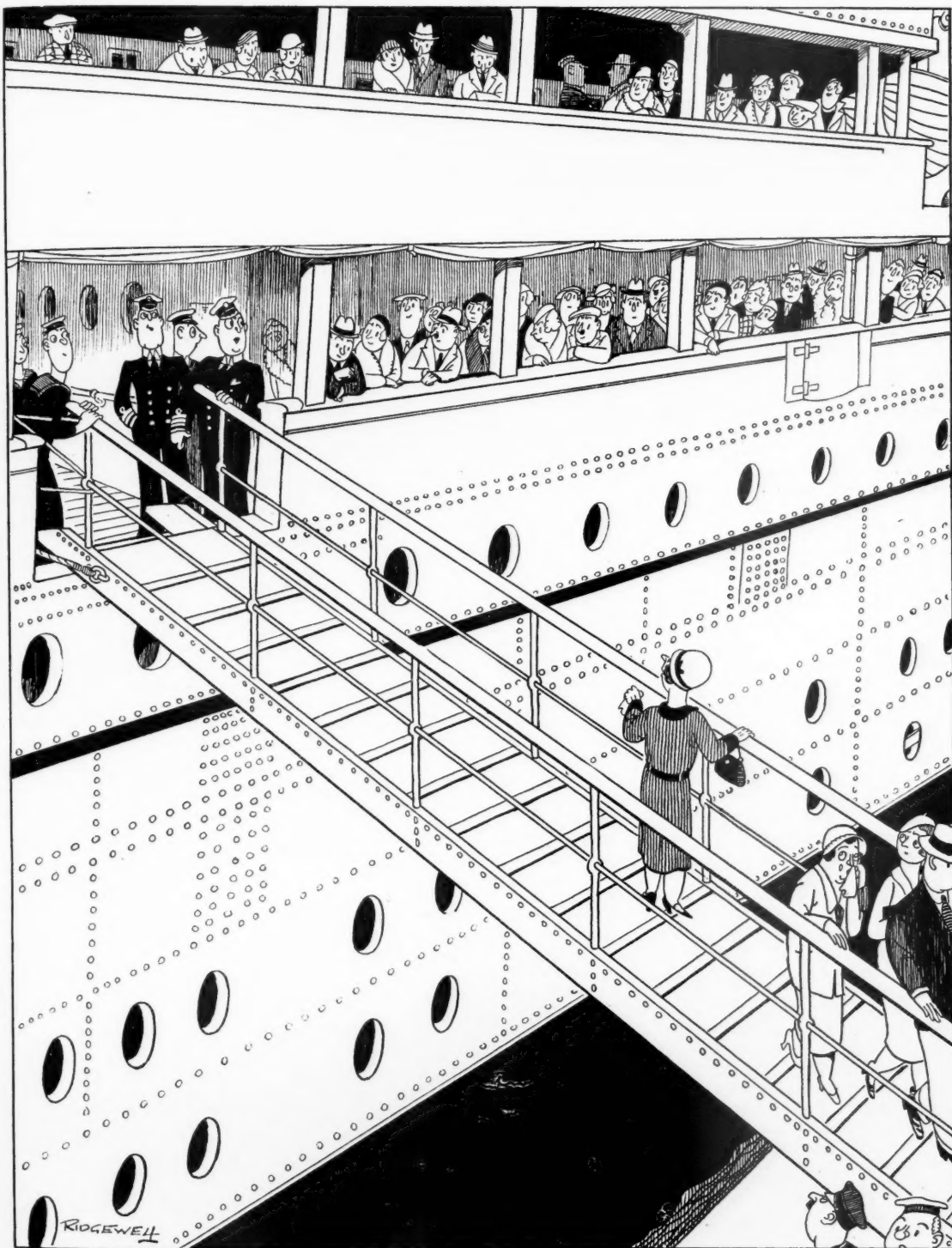
That one might climb, and one might taste,
And one might pick the tumbled

flowers,
And one might lie in the green grass

And dream through many pleasant hours.

The children in the sun will grow;
The orchard in the rain will thrive;

And who can say which one shall bear
The sweetest fruit of all the five?



"WELL, GOOD-BYE, GEORGE, AND IF UNCLE JAMES ASKS YOU ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT THEM AND IT, YOU SAY CERTAINLY SHE DIDN'T, FROM ME."

"If."

COLLECT "ifs." Erroneous "ifs."

These are growing in number, but at any moment they may begin to fall out of fashion and have a collector's value.

You know the kind of "ifs" I mean. The If Elliptical, the If Redundant, the If Contradictory and so on. "*The day was fine, if chilly.*" We all use it. We do not mean that if the day was chilly it was fine. We mean—do we not?—that it was fine *and* chilly, or possibly fine but chilly; or strictly that the day was fine, *though* it should be added that it was chilly too.

"*The action of the police was mistaken, if well-meant.*" We do not mean that if the action of the police was well-meant it was mistaken, for that would be nonsense and must suggest to any thinking mind the extraordinary converse proposition that if the action was *not* well-meant it was wise and good.

What do we mean? In this case, I suppose (though I'm blown if I know), we mean that the action was mistaken *although* well-meant.

"*The revelation is tactless, if true.*" This is a difficult and intriguing example. At first sight it looks like a genuine "if." But is it? Do we mean that if it was true it was tactless. Well, very often in practice we might mean that. Indeed, as they say in the criminal libel world, "the greater the truth the greater the libel." But if we mean that in words, we must also mean (once more applying the converse test) that if the statement was false it was tactful. And we don't mean that. We mean—don't we?—that the revelation was tactless *even* if it was true. The If Elliptical.

Or do we? Again, I am blown if I can say. I do not pretend to know enough about this difficult language of ours to lay down the law; and I have no doubt that this very treatise teems with obvious errors of my own. No, my purpose is only to indicate fields of inquiry to collectors. They can employ their own experts to classify their specimens.

Here are three recent bits of if-work by distinguished men of letters (italics mine):—

"Guatemala City, a pleasant, *if* rather ugly town."—ALDOUS HUXLEY.

"... its engaging, *if* somewhat nebulous enthusiasms."—BASIL DE SÉLINCOURT.

"... a respectable, *if* still vivacious citizen."—SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

There was a beautiful exhibit not long ago in a *Times*' leading article:—

"Lord LONDONDERRY supported his sound, *if* limited, Bill . . ."

Now here, I will bet a bag of sovereigns, *The Times* did not mean to say

Difficult to analyse, but a good specimen, I think. So clear a writer cannot mean that *if* the going was a little soft it was not too soft, for the other side of the medal would be that if the going was *not* soft it was too soft. Still, rather a spiky one, I admit.

The other is a tricky one too (it is really not fair to spoil a good "if" by dragging in negatives):—

"The remainder of the afternoon's racing, if not of the importance of this race, was at least interesting and not without importance."

In other words, it *was* a little important; but only if it was not so important as the City and Suburban. But we know that it was *not* so important, and therefore it cannot have been important at all. A rare If Contradictory.

When the day's papers do not yield a good "if" or two (which does not often happen) the student may console himself by manufacturing a few of his own and trying them on his friends—as thus:—

"Her lovely, *if* cross, eyes."
"Waterloo Bridge is beautiful, *if* unsafe."

"He was a man of high principles, *if* frequently drunk."

"Milk is nourishing, *if* tuberculous."

"Your face is intelligent, *if* spotty."

I think I am too old and tired to tackle "if and when" to-day. But the late H. W. FOWLER, in that great, if head-achy, book, *Modern English Usage*, gives the collector some useful, if pedantic, advice. Consider this crushing passage:—

"Any writer who uses this formula lays himself open to entirely reasonable suspicions on the part of his readers. There is the suspicion that he is a mere parrot who cannot say part of what he has often heard without saying the rest also; there is the suspicion that he likes verbiage for its own sake; there is the suspicion that he is a timid swordsman who thinks he will be safer with a second sword in his left hand; there is the suspicion that he has merely been too lazy to make up his mind between *if* and *when*. Only when the reader is sure enough of his author to know that in his writing none of these probabilities can be true does he turn to the extreme improbability that



"EXCUSE ME SPEAKING WITH MY MOUTH FULL, AUNTIE, BUT UNCLE HAS JUST FALLEN DOWN THE CLIFF."

that *if* the Bill was limited it was sound. It meant that the Bill was sound, *though* limited, for earlier in the article the Bill had been criticised *because* it was limited. This, then, I think, is a pure specimen of the If Contradictory, which says something precisely contrary to what is intended. These are valuable.

My favourite writer, *The Times*' Racing Correspondent, is a bit of an "if-er." But he covers his tracks cunningly. Here are two finds in the same column:—

"The going, *if* perhaps a little soft, was not too soft . . ."

here at last is a sentence in which 'if and when' is really better than *if* or *when* by itself."

That is the sort of thing that puts the poor scribbler off scribbling for weeks. Indeed, if everybody read this humbling book far fewer than eleven thousand new books would have been published by my reticent countrymen last year.

However, about "if and when." You know the sort of thing:—

"If and when the right honourable gentleman fulfils his promises . . ."

"If and when I win the Irish S—p . . ."

Nearly always, it seems, either the "if" or the "when" is redundant and loathsome. The formula is a favourite one in politics, where as a rule it has a jeersome intention. The collector, therefore, should keep a keen eye on public speeches and leading articles. But he must be careful, for even Professor FOWLER admits that "cases are conceivable in which the *if* and the *when* may be genuinely and separately significant. Such cases arise when one desires to say that the result will or does or did not only follow, but follow without delay. They are not, in fact, rare, and if a really good writer allows himself an *if and when*, one such must have presented itself; but in practice he hardly ever does it then . . ."

Have you got all that? Well, for example, you might have said:—

"If and when I win the Irish S—p I shall purchase the *Codex Sinaiticus* for the nation."

You might, in speech, put a world of sardonic meaning into that *and when*; but that would not satisfy the Herr Professor. It is redundant.

On the other hand, if you said—

"Play will be resumed *if and when* the rain stops"

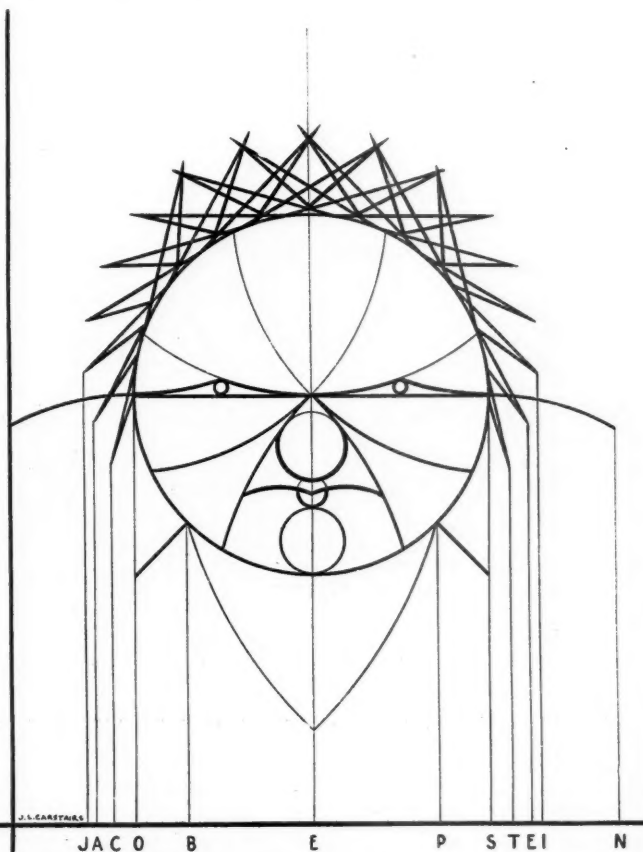
both *if* and *when* would be significant and jolly (I *think*), though the statement would probably not be true, for it would mean that play would be resumed at once.

What the good writer or speaker does, it seems, to suggest a minimum of delay, is to leave out the *and when* and put a time-signal in the "result-clause":—

"If the rain stops, play will be resumed *at once*."

And what the bad utterer does is to use both, thus:—

"If *and when* the rain stops, play will be resumed *at once*."



YET ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL PORTRAIT-HEAD OF MR. EPSTEIN FROM THE PEN OF THAT CLEVER YOUNG ARTIST, PROFESSOR EINSTEIN.

So now you know. And I hope that these few hints will assist you, brother-collectors, if and when you browse about among the interesting, if ill-expressed, utterances of some of our statesmen (if any). A. P. H.

No Road.

"THOUGH Ludgate," I at last observed,
"Lies under Ludgate Hill,
Curving as circuses are curved,
Yet it may lie there still;
And Watling Street runs hard by
Cheap
After the Roman style,
But I intend to let it keep
On running for a while,
My dear,
A pretty good long while.

Kent has her Ludgate, hid by shrouds
Of apple-trees (or pear-),
And reached from Watling Street
through Nouds,
And shall not we be there?

Shall Little Dully fruitless call?
Shall Bogle bootless plead?
We'll sit at Sundries on a wall
As idle as a weed,
My dear,
Idle as any weed.

Shall we not wander on and on
With gently-moving feet
And reach by way of Loyterton
The inn at Lewson Street?"
She answered, "Do you mean to say
I never told you Aunt
Arrives to-morrow night to stay?
We can't, we simply can't,
My dear,
Now don't you see we can't?"

VERGES.

"COARSE YARN PRICES."
Manchester Paper.

We are not in the market for them.

"Twickenham is 'lying low and saying
muffin.'"—Local Paper.
But there's no "R" in the month.



Conscientious Motorist. "I WONDER IF ONE OF THOSE ARMS BELONGS TO THE CONDUCTOR OR DRIVER, AND EXACTLY WHAT HE'S SIGNALLING."

Mr. Beeny Looks On.

XXV.

Man the Malefactor—Our Friend the Dog—A Dumb Accomplice—The Mating Trick—A Fashion from Wales—Lloyd Corgi—The Indomitable Investigators—Watchers and Watches at Daybreak.

It appears to be a wicked world than I suspected, and there is none of God's creatures that man will not use to his dishonest ends. We have long known that the noble horse is too often an innocent instrument for fraud, and since the greyhound began to pursue the electric-hare whispers of dope have reached even my hermitage; but then in William I have so singularly well-informed an intermediary that the word hermitage has become a misnomer. I should like it to be a hermitage, but he won't permit it.

Greyhounds being connected with racing—and we all know what racing is—there is unhappily no need to be surprised that they can be employed nefariously; but why should other dogs? The dog, no less the friend of man than the horse—the life-saver in the snows (*see St. Bernard*), the rescuer in the waves (*see Newfoundland*), the tender of sheep (*see Collie and Bobtail*)

—the straightforward uncomplicated dog, why should his assistance be called in for crafty tricks? A question to remember to ask after mounting the golden stairs.

The news of the latest swindle came, however, not from William but from Harry, and is related to her new kennels. It was indeed her first transaction as a business woman.

"What swine people are!" she began.

"Of course," I said, "but in what particular way?"

And then she told me. A friend had asked her to sell a dog, on commission, and after she had advertised it an application for its pedigree came from a distant Northern town. Then came a letter accepting terms and asking for the dog to be despatched by rail at once. Two days later the dog was returned as being too big.

"Unfortunate," I said, "but I don't see the swindle."

"Nor did I," said Harry, "till I was told. It's a way of getting a good sire for nothing."

"Oh," I said, "marriage."

"Exactly. But I'm going to watch out. If I see any puppies by Wily of Wimbush announced as for sale I shall get busy."

A young dramatist friend of mine who is the author of a successful crime play tells me that this work has been refused admittance to the German stage on the grounds that it might teach the art of murder too attractively. I hope that Harry's story may not put ideas into the head of anyone who, hitherto honourable, will now turn his thoughts to the victimisation of hard-working kennel-maids.

Harry, I should say, came in in company with the strangest little dog I have ever seen. It had a face like a fox and ears that stood up like a fox's and its colour was sandy. But there all resemblance to our old friend Reynolds ceased, for its body was short and stocky and it had no tail at all: nothing but half-an-inch of stump.

"And what kind of mongrel is this?" I asked.

Harry was furious.

"Mongrel!" she exclaimed. "It's no mongrel; it's the latest thing in pets. It's a Corgi."

"What's a Corgi?" I asked.

"It's a Welsh terrier," she said. "And they're not merely pets; they're very clever. They can round up a flock of sheep on the mountains."

"Instead of which," I said, "this one is going to beg in drawing-rooms,

sit about on laps and ride in cars. Disgraceful! And who cut its tail off I should like to know."

"God did," said Harry. "They're made that way."

"Oh!" I replied, that appearing to be the only suitable comment.

I then told her how I had been invited to join a company of intrepid investigators who the week before had walked about the Surrey hills all one night in order to hear the nightingale and to note the times at which other birds began to sing.

"To think of asking me!" I said.

"Terrible cheek," said Harry.

"Why cheek?"

"Well, I mean, at your age."

"It wasn't so much my age I was thinking of," I said, "as the disturbance to habits, going without sleep, walking about in the damp."

"Of course," said Harry, "and so you didn't go?"

"No, but I read all about it. . . . Listen. The party was a hundred strong, including people from Canada, New Zealand and South Africa. There was a chill wind. What did I tell you?"

"At your age too," said Harry.

"Nothing to do with age," I repeated. "The first note came from the hedge-sparrow. At 3.21."

We both shivered.

"The next from the skylark at 3.28."

"It sounds like *Bradshaw*," said Harry.

"Exactly," said I. "The next from the redleg, whoever he is, at 3.52. The thrush was at 4.2 and the robin at 4.8."

"And my precious chaffinch?" Harry asked.

"Your precious chaffinch," I said, "was the laziest beggar of the lot. He didn't start till 4.42."

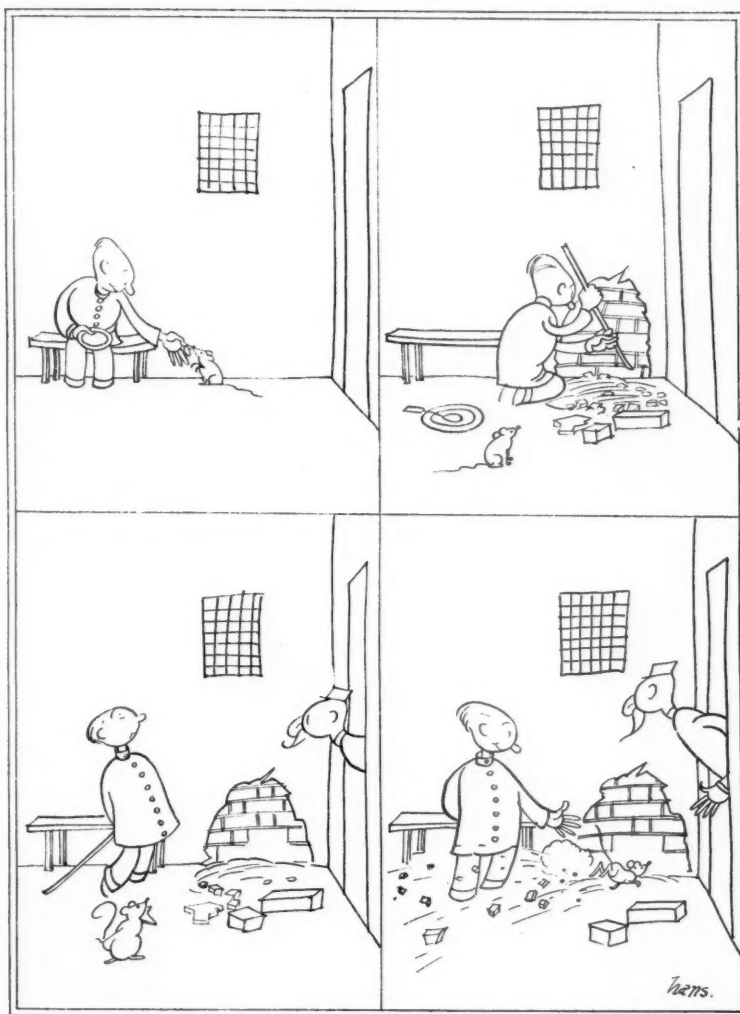
"What a sporting crowd to stay up walking about like that!" said Harry. "And not a road-house open!"

"The energies of other people," I replied, "are the most mysterious things in life."

E. V. L.

For the Very New Motorist.

NEVER start a new engine on the self-starter. The battery and dynamo need running-in before you use them. Get out the starting-handle. It may be under the seat. It may be under the running-board. There may not be one. Crank up at the front of the car. Nothing happens. Scratch your ear with your right hand. Your ear is covered in oil. Kick the petrol-tank with either foot. Either shoe is covered in oil. You are beginning to look like a mechanic. The engine will soon start for you. Lift up the bonnet and tickle



"MICE."

the carburettor. Petrol squirts out all over you. You are beginning to smell like a mechanic. The engine cannot ignore you much longer. Fool about with the electrical equipment until you get a dreadful shock. You are beginning to swear like a mechanic. The engine must fire shortly. Unscrew the radiator-cap and verify that the radiator is empty. You are beginning to look as savage as a mechanic. The engine must soon recognise its master. Crawl under the car. Make sure the oil drainage-tap is *in situ*. You are smothered in grease from head to foot. You are a complete mechanic. The engine admits defeat. Crank it up. It fires. It thinks you are a mechanic. The car departs diagonally through the back of the garage. You left the gear-lever in reverse. You are behaving like

a proper mechanic. A running-board has come off on the mowing-machine. The back-axle has bent itself on the dust-bin. Send for a mechanic.

Our Colourful Law Courts.

"The case turned on certain keyhole observations, and the door, by agreement, was put in as evidence. Painted a rich blue lady jurors peeped through the keyhole to satisfy themselves that 'observations' could be made through it."—*Daily Paper*.

"A suggestion has been advanced that the score-board at Fenner's should be raised a few feet to allow of its better visibility. In point of fact, while the lower part of the board is invisible from certain parts of the ground, from other parts it can't be seen at all."—*Cambridge Magazine*.

So that, of course, it doesn't much matter *where* you sit.



"LADY DUMPERLEIGH, MAY WE SIT AT YOUR TABLE? I WOULDN'T HAVE DREAMED OF ASKING IF THERE HAD BEEN ANOTHER SEAT IN THE ROOM."

Ethelred the Unready.

ETHELRED didn't like having to be king;
Ethelred didn't like doing anything.
Danes came and pestered him all through the day;
Ethelred didn't like sending them away.

Some said one thing,

Some said another thing;

Ethelred sat there puzzled and perplexed.
Ethelred could not deal with a difficulty,
Ethelred never knew what was coming next.

Ethelred sat there,

Sat there, sitting there,

Sitting there, knitting there, playing with a ball.

Some said one thing,

Some said another thing;

Ethelred

Didn't say

Anything at all.

Danes went everywhere, ruining the place,
Laughing at Ethelred, laughing at his face.
Alfred fought them up at Ethandune;
Ethelred sat there looking like a prune.

Ethelred sat there

Looking like a pumpkin,

Looking like a pumpkin growing in a pot.

Danes went everywhere, plotting every sort of
thing;

Ethelred couldn't find anything to plot.

Some said "Scare them,"

Some said "Scatter them,"

Some said "Batter them

Up against a wall."

Ethelred didn't do anything they told him:

Ethelred didn't do anything at all.

Ethelred *could* not

Think a hunch up;

Ethelred had no readiness of wit.

Only when they

Brought his lunch up

Ethelred

Did seem

Ready for

It.

P. B.



THE LONDON ATLAS.

FATHER THAMES. "HAS ANYTHING EVER BEEN HELD UP AS LONG AS THIS BEFORE?"

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Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Tuesday, May 29th.—Commons: Palestine Loan Bill Read Second Time; Cotton Manufacturing Industry (Temporary Provisions) and Land Settlement (Scotland) Bills Read Third Time.

Wednesday, May 30th.—Lords: Betting Bill considered in Committee.

Commons: Debates on Vote for Education and on Waterloo Bridge.

Tuesday, May 29th.—At Question-Time today Mr. CRAVEN-ELLIS'S inquiry about heavy rise in imported tiles aroused in House momentary fear of fresh invasion of Japanese straw-hats, but this was quickly allayed by Mr. RUNCIMAN'S admission that alien hearth-tiles were increasingly in evidence.

Attention of Mr. THOMAS had already been drawn to conciliatory statement of Irish Finance Minister; but what good was it, he asked, when within a week Mr. DE VALERA had stated "we will never pay"? He repeated his willingness to consider any practical offer from Dublin, and nobly refrained from comment on Mr. KIRKWOOD'S suggestion that time had now arrived to give Irish what they wanted. [Whatever that is.—Mr. P.'s R.]

Mr. HARVEY asked what instructions had been given to British delegates to London Conference of International Union for Protection of Property with regard to nomenclature of wines; but, although Mr. RUNCIMAN was not at liberty to give this information, he refused to agree that principle was generally recognised that nomenclature is geographic rather than generic. Mr. P.'s R. trusts this does not mean that red liquid of non-Gallic origin will continue to masquerade as Claret or Burgundy.

All good Nazis will be glad to hear that during brief discussion on foreign detention-camps cheers greeted Mr. RHYS DAVIES' pearl of information that International Penitentiary Congress is about to meet in Berlin.

Going into Committee, House considered Money Resolution to restore cuts in salaries fixed by statute, which included, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN explained, those of MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, Judges, and certain other

officials. Resolution was passed with little opposition once Labour Members had satisfied themselves that there was no intention this year of restoring more than half cuts involved.

Mr. WISE distinguished himself by inquiring why a mule was not chief feature of Lancashire coat-of-arms, it was reported to House and given Third Reading. In simplest terms, it is designed to give statutory effect to wages decided by employers and work-people together, and it will remain operative until 1937; it is therefore not State interference but Government guarantee that results of collective bargaining shall be adhered to—significant experiment in industrial relations.

Second Reading discussion of Palestine Loan Bill aroused Colonel WEDGWOOD to another fierce denunciation, which contrasted oddly with quixotic Mr. KIRKWOOD'S earlier injunction to Mr. THOMAS from same Benches. Mr. LECKIE'S anxiety lest there should be any tampering with level of Sea of Galilee awoke small response in House inno-

cent of such intentions.

Wednesday, May 30th.—To-day Parliament was loaded to its Plimsoll line and with important cargoes. Their Lordships, who met early and sat almost till midnight, took Betting Bill in Committee and threshed out several of its main clauses.

Duke of SUTHERLAND opened attack with amendment to extend Bill's 104 days' racing to 156 for London and 208 for country, providing that not more than one meeting, of maximum of eight races, should be held in day. When he described Bill as unreasonable he made no new criticism, but one which obviously reflects opinion of public at large; and when he said that effect of Bill's restrictions would be that greyhound track managers would be forced to adopt intensive measures to secure maximum possible turnover in time at their disposal, he made sound point which was later emphasised, unintentionally it seemed, by Lord LONDONDERRY, when he declared that Bill by raising standard of racing would increase attendances—a curious admission, seeing that Government is avowedly concerned not with standard of racing but social welfare of public by reduction of its attendances. Duke of SUTHERLAND was supported by Lord DARCY DE KNAYTH, who insisted that honesty of operation could only be achieved by keeping dog-tracks above



OPPOSITION ANOMALIES.
THE OPEN HAND AND THE CLOSED FIST.

[While free gifts to the Free State are advocated by Mr. KIRKWOOD, loans to the Holy Land are warmly deprecated by Colonel WEDGWOOD.]

A Genuine Wisecrack.

Government's Bill for assisting Cotton Industry was then discussed in Committee, and after good-natured debate, in which Sir HENRY BETTERTON accepted several Amendments and



THE WITHERED WREATH.

[Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, whose Amendment for preserving Waterloo Bridge was passed with a majority of 35, secured in 1932 a majority of 68.]



A PIONEER.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, SMUGGLING ASPIDISTRAS OUT OF CHINA.

level at which reputable managements could subsist; by Lord ASKWITH, who urged resentment which public felt at selection of one sport for restriction, and put in word for greyhound-racing as local sport which man could attend after his day's work.

(Hundred-and-Four Days for the Stock Exchange?)

Mr. P.'s R., who has never been to a dog-race, wished that Lord ASKWITH, while he was about it, had inquired how it comes about that Government is not also perturbed at moral effects of horse-racing, which attracts far larger and more engulfing bets, laid on more professional scale; and why it takes no measures to check speculative facilities offered by Stock-, Metal-, Rubber- and other Exchanges to daily ruin of countless British homes.)

Lord LONDONDERRY's reply was mainly reiteration of his speech on Second Reading debate. He was assured, he said, that dog-racing could pay on basis of 104 days, though he reminded House again that this was measure of social reform and Government therefore felt no obligation to see that track dividends were maintained.

On these grounds he was unable to accept Amendment, especially as it would be open to criticism that it was illogical that was what legal, say, up to eight in the evening should become illegal at nine in the evening. This thesis, advanced by member of National Government which has done little or nothing to unfrock old DORA, whose shadow still falls hideously across British evening, charmed House. Amendment was negatived by 75 votes to 34. Later in debate Lord LONDONDERRY agreed to consider carefully before Report Stage demand that licensing of tracks should be undertaken not by elected councils amenable to log-rolling but by judicial bodies.

While rival armies were mobilising in Commons for second battle of Waterloo Bridge, Mr. RAMSBOTHAM presented satisfactory survey of educational progress, main points of which were that classes now averaged only twenty-nine, that malnutrition was only present in eleven cases per thousand while 190 out of 316 local authorities were providing school meals.

Rôle of *Horatius* was then assumed by Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, and in subsequent division he triumphed, but only by 194 votes to 159, closeness of voting

being a good deal due to MINISTER OF TRANSPORT's summing-up, in which he emphasised certain advantages of new bridge.

Sir WILLIAM made rather much of political aspect of controversy; but he contrasted costs of reconditioning and rebuilding, urged traffic-congestion which six-line bridge would bring about in Strand, and reminded his adversaries that old bridge was as much national monument as Cenotaph. He was given expert support by Sir MURDOCH MACDONALD, and many others rallied to his banner; but on behalf of Port of London Authority Mr. CLARKE enlarged on navigational difficulties of RENNIE's structure; while Mr. WILMOT challenged Sir WILLIAM DAVISON's figures, and Sir WILLIAM RAY backed new bridge, unless MINISTER could hold out hope of proper Charing Cross Bridge.

Mr. STANLEY made it clear that if House were to reverse its decision of 1932 he would be in a position to offer grant up to £1,300,000 for new bridge, and refused to believe that Strand would not absorb six lines of traffic, or alternatively that subway was impracticable.

Good debate; and Bridge still stands.

As Others Hear Us.

Doing the Flowers.

"RUTH DRAPER."

"Not in the least. I'm simply going to do the drawing-room because of tennis this afternoon."

"I will."

"No, really. I don't mind. I rather like it really."

"So do I, quite. Except when there isn't anything except ridiculous evergreens and stuff."

"It's never as bad as that. Though I must say a glasshouse would make all the difference."

"Perhaps you will one day."

"Not with schools and things what they are. And everything dropping every day."

"John says things are picking up."

"Yes, but William says it'll take ages."

"Oh, yes; John says that too. Are these pink tulips all right?"

"They're all right if you take them from the back rows and not too many. The yellow ones are absolutely all right."

"But they're practically over."

"I know. That's why. Or you can try the kitchen-window-bed for pansies. I say, did you see *Hamlet* the other day?"

"Do you mean really, or the Women's Institute?"

"Oh, I meant really. Besides, the Women's Institute was *Macbeth*."

"Like CHARLES LAUGHTON. Look at this twee little thing. What's it called?"

"I shall remember in a minute. It begins with M. You'll know it at once when I tell you. Or else it's B."

"As a matter of fact I didn't. I meant to, but there's never any time, and I couldn't find anybody to go with. Not gentian, is it?"

"Oh, no. I told you it begins with M. Don't pick it. I shall remember its name in a minute."

"I wasn't going to. It's such a hopeless size. Are all the vases going to be six foot high?"

"No, I've got some quite tiny ones. You know poor little Present from Ilfracombe got smashed?"

"What a shame! What about the green with the handles?"

"Oh, the green's all right. That reminds me. Why not lilac?"

"I'd already thought of that."

"I keep thinking of canariensis, and I know perfectly well it's not that."

"You said M."

"Or L. I said if it wasn't M it was L. But as a matter of fact I don't believe it's either. Not really."



"WHAT A MERCY MR. MEREDITH'S A BLUE!"

"Stonecrop."

"Good heavens, no! Not in the least like it. I meant purple lilac, not white."

"Don't you always think of funerals?"

"Absolutely always."

"I always do when it's chrysanthemums. I *always* do with chrysanthemums."

"Oh, I do with everything. Not that I mind. It's just an idea."

"Like Devonshire people and hawthorn. Not that I'd walk under a ladder in a street myself; but that's the point."

"Everybody is supposed to have one thing. Mine's the salt. You know, honestly, I wish you'd been here a fortnight ago."

"RUTH DRAPER."

"Nobody says anything but that now to anybody. And we can't all be.

I wouldn't mind if only I could remember the name of that stuff."

"You said not L."

"I shall get it in a minute. I know it perfectly well. You know, I think we ought to do the dining-room as well. After all, they'll be havin' tea."

"I thought that ages ago, but I thought you thought it wasn't worth it."

"No, it was only laziness and not knowing what to put. You know what a bore it is when things spring up a mile high in the middle of the table and you can't see over, whoever's across."

"What about the little thing that you can't remember the name of?"

"Aubrietia. I knew I knew it perfectly well all the time."

"Well, I think you're the image of RUTH DRAPER. I always have and I always shall. RUTH DRAPER. Simply."

E. M. D.

At the Play.

"VINTAGE WINE" (DALY'S).

I AM afraid that the *Vintage Wine* manipulated and bottled by Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, with the expert assistance of Mr. ASHLEY DUKES, from a *cuvée* of ALEXANDER ENGEL, hardly managed to maintain the flavour and sparkle of its first glass (or Act) and the first gulp of the second.

Nothing could well have been more promising than the opening. The Château Popinot, headquarters of the family which, under the style of *Popinot père et fils*, have traded acquisitively and hoarded valiantly for two hundred years, has been refurbished by the two exceedingly dull sons of the house, *Benedict* and *Henri*, for their father, *Charles* (Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS), to settle down and die in, not indeed out of filial devotion, but rather from bourgeois apprehension lest the gay life *Charles* is reported to be living near Rome, heaping magnificent gifts upon a youthful blonde with whom he is associated, should effect a breach in the solid rampart of the *Popinot* fortune. A family grand council, or rather *procès*, is imminent, to be presided over by formidable great-grand-mama *Joséphine Popinot* (Miss JULIA NEILSON, looking very lovely and regal and, on her first entrance, constrained to wait a considerable space of time till the affectionate tributes of a loyal public should have spent themselves), with the owlish *Benedict* and the pompous *Henri* as advocates for the prosecution. *Charles*, the accused, soon makes a sprightly entrance. It should be explained that great-grandmama is in her late seventies; *Charles*, her son, an incorrigibly youthful sixty-two, with his thoughts by no means fixed on death or withdrawal from the arena of social life; *Charles's* sons, *Benedict* and *Henri*, much too old at forty or thereabouts; *Henri's* daughter, *Blanche* (Miss NANCY O'NEIL), on principle and before trial *Charles's* devoted adherent, is ending her teens; while there is little *Babette*, *Charles's* great-grandchild, the one *Popinot* to stand up to the tyrannical old matriarch, if only by the methods of flat contradiction, tears and tantrums.

Charles, though innocent, offers

evasive answers to the charges of profligacy. He has his own dark secret. It is that he has represented to his lawful and devoted wife, *Nina* (Miss CLAIRE LUCE), the young blonde in

appears) has just written to his step-mother to say that he has gone into trousers, while little *Benedict* is sporting his first sailor-suit; nor has he ever dared confess his marriage to the family. Regular letters from *Joséphine* to *Nina* have notwithstanding been received in Rome, *Charles* being an expert forger as well as a most unholy liar.

And indeed, after the humours of the French patriarchal system have been amusingly exploited and *Charles*, condemned to life-imprisonment at the château and the supervision by a legal guardian of his financial affairs, has escaped with the connivance of old *Pierre* (Mr. BROMLEY DAVENPORT) on a lamplless penny-farthing bicycle to the station (with effects on his white bowler and smart umbrella which this actor still naïvely enjoys) and thence by air to Rome to forestall his interfering family, we are offered the perpetually refreshing spectacle of Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS glibly lying his way into a morass of difficulties and haltingly trying to lie his way out of them, past-master of every trick of expressive gesture and grimace.

No one, as we are all tired of repeating, does this kind of thing anything like so well.

And nobody but a dolorous misanthrope could fail to be diverted. But the play takes a serious turn. We are asked to be moved by the despairing sorrows of a devoted man whose dishonesties have been merely the result of his deep love, his distrust of himself and his morbid fear of the loss of a young wife's affections. And we entirely refuse to be in the least moved. Miss CLAIRE LUCE too, excellent in the lighter passages, has to assume a burden of grief much too heavy for us to believe in, and to storm about it with a vigour which never fails to win its tribute of applause—a result, however, which does not deceive the elect among players.

I deduce from internal evidence that Mr. DUKES's part in this affair was a strictly subordinate one, and that the original author's text has been cut to make room for a representative collection of bright pieces of nonsense such as provide a vehicle for the principal comedian's gifts. And, after all, what excellent gifts; and how churlish to look them too curiously in the mouth! T.



GRANDPAPA IN DISGRACE WITH THE BOYS.

Puzzle: Find Grandpapa.

<i>Henri Popinot</i>	MR. STANLEY VILVEN.
<i>Babette Favert</i>	MISS KATHLEEN WESTON.
<i>Charles Popinot</i>	MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.
<i>Benedict Popinot</i>	MR. PATRICK BARING.

question, so grossly suspected, that he is but forty-two; little *Henri* (it



THE FORGIVING WIFE TAKES CHARLES IN HER ARMS.

<i>Nina Popinot</i>	MISS CLAIRE LUCE.
<i>Charles Popinot</i>	MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.

"VICEROY SARAH" (ARTS).

No one, I imagine, but the most punctilious historian—and what business has *he* in the theatre?—will be really exercised in mind because Mr. NORMAN GINSBURY has done a little bit of spiritual white-washing over his central figure. He is probably quite right in the idea that this more dignified *Duchess* is better dramatic value than the complete termagant of tradition, of whom it is recorded that QUEEN ANNE wrote to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH: "I desire nothing but that she should leave off teasing and tormenting me."

It would be a sad disappointment certainly if the *Duchess* of the play never let herself go at all. But this, fortunately, is not so. When she is good she may be unhistorically good, but when she is bad she is torrid. She glares, she flares, she goes right up in the air, and *Abigail* gets it properly in the neck.

Those of us who have read their *Little Arthur* or J. R. GREEN recall of course that it was ABIGAIL MASHAM, that "shuffling little wretch" of a Maid of Honour, who eventually ousted the DUCHESS from the intimate counsels of QUEEN ANNE. Already this Serpent has been introduced into the Royal Garden of Eden when we first meet *Queen* and *Duchess* hobnobbing together at Windsor as "*Mrs. Morley*" and "*Mrs. Freeman*." But the snake-in-petticoats still lurks in the grass, and the CHURCHILL star is high in the heavens, for it is 1704, and the great victory of Blenheim is heralded by triumphant noises OFF. The *Duke* returns and all is peace and happiness in his country home, with four tall daughters and a dominant but loving spouse.

But at Kensington Palace three years later *Abigail* has started doing her stuff to some purpose, by such simple devices as pandering to *Anne's* vulgar taste (firmly frowned on by the *Duchess*) for wearing coloured jewels instead of chaste diamonds at a State ceremony. She wheedles a backstairs key for her cousin *Harley*, the Lord Oxford-to-be, plots the downfall of his opponent, the pro-Churchill *Godolphin*, and finally feels herself strong enough to defy *Sarah* and all her works.

Sarah slips back for a last appeal—an admirably-played scene this—and has half won over poor maundering *Anne* to a sort of *réchauffé* of the *Morley-Freeman* entente, when *Abigail*

thinks it high time to come out from behind the keyhole and "tantalises" *Sarah* into giving her a smack in the face. Which of course means that honest but misguided *Sarah* is at once

in secret," as *Duchess Sarah* declares in a delightful outburst of spitefulness when the news of her dismissal and the *Duke's* disgrace arrives as sequel. A fortissimo that helps incidentally to emphasise the exquisite beauty of a quiet little love-scene which follows between those mature lovers, the *Duke* and *Duchess*—and it is written in history that they remained lovers to the last.

I find it difficult to speak in anything but superlatives of the acting in this play, which might well be presented to a wider public. Miss EDITH EVANS makes a wonderful study of a part in which she illuminates the author's rather circumscribed lines with a private blaze of her own special genius. The *Queen Anne* of Miss BARBARA EVEREST is a little masterpiece of portraiture—the acme of dull stupidity depicted with the acme of brilliant insight. Miss DORICE FORDRED's *Abigail* is admirable in its assumptions of sullen indomitable intrigue; Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER builds a gracious personality out of the very subordinate character of the *Duke*; and Mr. AUBREY DEXTER as the *Prince Consort*, Mr. ANDREW CHURCHMAN as *Godolphin*, and Mr. ROBERT SPEIGHT as *Harley* are all more than excellent in their several rôles.

M. D.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

Regent's Park is to have other than Zoological associations for lovers of entertainment as the Open-Air Theatre takes root in the beds and lawns of the Office of Works. Not content with the Elizabethan compromise, the half open-air stage of the old Globe at Southwark, modern Shakespeareans have gone the whole hog, if the phrase be allowed in this connection, and from the extremely covered gilded theatres in which SHAKESPEARE has hitherto been seen, have swung to the other extreme of a completely out-door theatre. It is a great success, and a propitiatory offering is made to Jupiter Pluvius in the form of emergency tents for wet weather.

The pastoral comedies of SHAKESPEARE lend themselves particularly to this setting and *As You Like It* better than any save *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Full advantage of their stage was taken by the players. Perhaps the *Duke* and his fellow forest dwellers might have saved themselves some of the thoroughness of their exits and entrances and just retired a little



THE CLEVER DUCHESS AND THE SCINTILLATING QUEEN.

Duchess of Marlborough . . . MISS EDITH EVANS.
Anne, Queen of England . . . MISS BARBARA EVEREST.

ordered by an outraged monarch to leave the room. After all, you can't go brawling before a Queen, even if a victory a day keeps the French Army

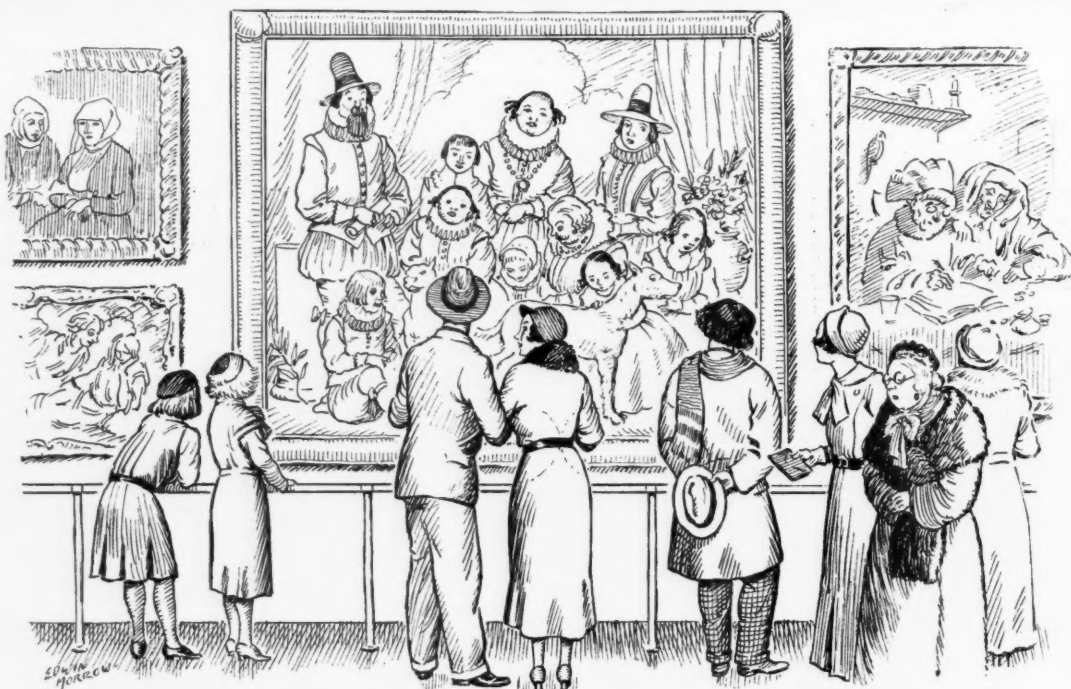


COLD TEA FOR THE TOE.

Abigail Hill. MISS DORICE FORDRED.
Queen . . . MISS BARBARA EVEREST.

away and it's your husband who wins them.

Or even if she's just "a woman with the appetite of a sow who drinks brandy



Jim. "DO YOU KNOW, GWEN, THAT COST THE NATIONAL GALLERY FIFTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS."
Gwen (late waitress). "REALLY! WELL, HOW DOES THAT WORK OUT PER PERSON PER PORTION?"

up-stage while secondary scenes were played. Shakespearean comedy must be played swiftly and there was great opening for swiftness here with so many paths leading off and on the stage. The ordinary disabilities of hearing and lighting have been triumphantly overcome, the seats are of a level of comfort few theatres attain, and this, in short, is the way to see Shakespearean comedy.

As *You Like It*, famous for the melancholy *Jaques* and for all the world being a stage, is full of the better kind of Shakespearean jesting. *Jaques*, as played by Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR, is exceedingly good value, the man who is the super-man of so many Bloomsbury dreams and Liberal perorations on the value and dignity of the individual. He is himself and he pleases himself. When at the end he hears of the repentance of the wicked *Duke* he at once resolves to seek him out, not stopping to think whether he will be at all welcome at such a juncture but thinking to entertain himself. He does not talk to interest or amuse but to please himself, and so Shakespearean monologue comes naturally from him. If the *Duke* and his companions had not been glad of all distractions in their forest life, he might have been less popular as month succeeded month, but what we saw of him was all too

little. The difficult part of *Rosalind*, dressed as a boy and pretending to be a boy pretending to be a girl must have been much easier to act when the play was written and women's parts were played by boys. To-day the tradition of the principal boy has accustomed us to this kind of hero, but it has its own dangers of pantomimic absurdity. Miss ANNA NEAGLE coped manfully or boyishly with them all, and the *Orlando* of Mr. JACK HAWKINS was all through a simple youth, if a truly magnificent wrestler, to whom the gay imposture was complete deception.

The end of this play—and it is ends that matter—be it remembered, is a blow for simple-lifers. It is the return of the banished Duke to his old palace and ways, the recovery of material possessions all round. The Forest of Arden is a place where high courage keeps the spirits up, but no place for young girls like *Celia* and *Rosalind* or old servitors like *Adam*, where *Orlando* gets desperate and *Touchstone* cheats boredom by wretched flirtations. Regent's Park is too kind and sylvan a setting for the Forest of Arden; it is a rich garden no one would want to leave, in which the horrible yokels *Audrey* and her swain (two quite admirable pieces of acting) are jarring notes. But it is not often that the setting of a play is so delight-

ful in itself that it throws a shadow across the author's meaning so that the sermons in stones seem such bright affairs.

In what is above all a feast to the eye, a word of shocked protest must be uttered against whoever sent capering over the grass the horrible procession of white nightdresses, with shepherds dressed like *Nervo* and *Knox*. It jarred the more because the play itself was a blend of lovely colours, the players' walking arguments for those who would reform our modern clothes.

D. W.

1984 Cabinet.

William Bursting had newly joined the Cabinet as Home Secretary. Every day he received thousands of letters demanding the reform of the Divorce Laws, the Drink Laws, the Betting Laws, etc., and, being very young, he felt that something should be done. It occurred to him with a thrill of pride that he was now a legislator and that it was presumably the duty of legislators to legislate. He put this point of view to the Prime Minister, who was first aghast, then angry, then amused.

"When you have been in politics as long as I have," he said, "you will realise the value of the old maxim, 'It is far easier to be an immovable object

than an irresistible force.' Let me tell you a little story."

William Bursting muttered something about having a train to catch, but the Prime Minister pushed him into a chair.

"My first Cabinet job," he said, "was at the Ministry of Livestock. I was very young at the time, and I made the absurd mistake of supposing that as Minister of Livestock I should devote my energies to livestock. Wishing to begin my inquiries on a small and modest scale, I made a personal investigation of the Rabbit Industry. I soon saw that, like most of our industries, it was in a state of chaos. The law regarding rabbits was complicated and uncertain. Over and over again rabbit-breeders had found their efforts to breed rabbits checkmated by a law passed, I believe, in the reign of EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

"I persuaded the Prime Minister of that day, a man who himself had not yet grasped the invaluable maxim to which I alluded earlier in our conversation, to allow me to bring in, on behalf of the Government, a Bill for the reform of the Rabbit Industry. It was a comprehensive Bill, calculated to make England safe for rabbit-breeders. After passing through the various stages prescribed by the Constitution it became law. The Government had an enormous majority, and so far there was no difficulty. It had passed through so quickly that the Press, at that time much occupied by a peculiarly blood-thirsty murder, did not notice it until it became law. At last, however, they awakened to the fact that the Government had passed an Act which meant something definite, and they decided with praiseworthy unanimity that a Government that had the temerity to imagine that it was the purpose of Governments to govern must be dismissed without delay.

"The Tory papers exposed the Act as a deliberate attempt to insult the Dominions. They said that the Commonwealth of Nations could not hope to endure when the Home Government went out of its way to encourage the production of a commodity that could be much more easily obtained from Australia. They prophesied that with the growth of the Rabbit Industry in Great Britain it would be necessary to impose quotas on the import of rabbits from Australia, and that this would certainly be the signal for the final disintegration of the Empire.

"The Labour papers shrieked that the new Act was nothing more than a piece of barefaced class legislation. They hinted that the Government had



THE SUB-EDITOR'S ERROR.

"LORD THIS, LADY THAT, AND FRIEND."

been bribed by the Capitalists controlling the Rabbit Industry, and proved beyond a doubt that the result of the Act would be to lower the standard of living of the working classes. They suggested that in a few years' time the Government intended to serve little except rabbit-pie in all the workhouses of the nation, and that the Army and Navy would be fed almost exclusively on the same delicacy. Signed statements by well-known doctors were published showing that the nutriment to be obtained from rabbit-pie was only '002 of the nutriment to be obtained from other pies.

"The Liberal papers, which were at that time engaged in proving to everybody (including the inhabitants of Iceland) that a war between Great Britain and Iceland was inevitable within a few years, revealed that the Act was the work of the War Party in the Government, who wished to provide the Army with millions of rabbit-skin car-flaps, always necessary to soldiers in cold countries. The combined opposition of the Press resulted in the overthrow of the Government at the next Election; and since then I have stuck closely to the maxim to which I alluded earlier in our conversation."

Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

v.

From Frank Plantain, Greenkeeper, Roughover Golf Club. (By David Raikes, Groundsman, at the double.)

Thursday, May 31st, 1934.

SIR,—Excuse this written on a page of my notebook, Sir, but I have just seen the General being stung while driving off the 8th tee.

Trusting you will not consider it out of place my sending you word, Sir, but, Sir, he is in a terrible rage, and he is on his way to see you now.

Yours faithfully,

F. PLANTAIN.

From General Sir Armstrong Forscure, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

Thursday, 31/5/34.

SIR,—Where the devil were you hiding when I came in to see you at 11.34 this morning—your hat and waterproof hanging up as large as life and the steward and page lying through their teeth that you were out?

And my grievance, Sir, a most serious one. I have been stung on the back of the neck by some loathsome insect which you have seen fit to harbour on the links.

If you will refer to the Complaint Book 29/8/33, 3/9/33, 10/9/33, 17/9/33 22/9/33, 29/9/33 and 16/4/34 you will observe that I have continually drawn the Committee's attention to the fact that all nests on the course, whether they be wasps, ants or humble-bees, should be systematically destroyed every year; but as usual nothing has been done.

Now, however, the matter has come to a head, and I shall thank you to let me know by return what you are going to do about it.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURE.

P.S.—I am enclosing the insect as evidence.

From Edward Chloride, B.Sc., Assistant Science Master, St. Beowulfs, Roughover.

Friday, June 1st, 1934.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—While calling at your office this morning to pay my sub for the summer term (as you were out I left it with the steward), I could not help noticing on your desk a fine specimen of that rare tropical bee, *Bombus pernambucoensis*.

Having made the study of insects my life's hobby, I should be most interested to learn where you obtained your find, as the only other specimens captured in this country have made the journey in cases of fruit.

If you have any direct proof that *B. pernambucoensis* breeds here I think you should immediately report the fact to the Lepidopterists and Stinging Insect Collectors Union.

Being a collector I suppose you have heard that Farrington has recently discovered that *B. pernambucoensis* makes a practice of stinging its victims in such a manner that it produces a state of coma, the onset of which does not immediately manifest itself.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD CHLORIDE.

P.S.—You must come over and see my collection of Nigerian beetles one day soon.

From Lady Madge Forscure, wife of General Sir Armstrong Forscure.

Saturday, June 2nd, 1934.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—Thank you for your letter of yesterday's date. I am arranging to take immediate precautions.

Yours sincerely,

MADGE V. FORCURE.

From Lady Madge Forscure. (By hand.)

Monday, June 4th, 1934.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—Could you please find out from your schoolmaster friend the longest period that has been known to elapse before coma is likely to supervene.

It is, as you must realise, no light matter keeping my husband in bed; in fact this morning I was compelled to call in the services of Potter the gardener and Plugg our chauffeur; and, although the three of us are now taking it in turns to hold him down (two on duty and one off), he is not a particularly easy patient to deal with, and personally I am beginning to feel the strain.

It has just occurred to me that you might be able to spare the caddie-master or find a strong unemployed man to take my place to-morrow afternoon while Plugg drives me down to the town to do some shopping.

Yours sincerely,

MADGE V. FORCURE.

P.S. (1)—The swelling has gone down very considerably since yesterday morning.

P.S. (2)—Please also find out if the insect could possibly have failed to find the right nerve centres. My husband has always had the reputation of having a particularly thick skin.

From Edward Chloride, B.Sc. (By hand.)

Monday, June 4th, 1934.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I am most

terribly sorry a misunderstanding has arisen over my letter of the 1st. The "victims" I referred to were of course no more than this insect's natural prey—field-bugs, froghoppers, weevils, etc. the effect on a human being would be little more than temporary discomfort caused by local tumescence.

With many apologies for the inconvenience I must have caused you,

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD CHLORIDE.

From General Sir Armstrong Forscure, K.B.E., C.S.I. (By hand.)

4/6/34.

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—I have just received your letter of yesterday's date enclosed with one for my wife—two very human little missives, my dear Sir, and so charmingly apologetic. I assure you I had no idea you possessed such immense literary abilities.

Unfortunately I have no such qualifications myself, so that I am quite unable to make a sufficient and satisfactory reply with my pen. I shall therefore have much pleasure in calling on you for a frank heart-to-heart talk on Saturday morning at 10.15, there being several matters of some moment which I should like to discuss.

Yours most sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURE.

From Penwhistle and Co., Stationers and Booksellers, Roughover. (By hand.)

4/6/34.

DEAR SIR,—We regret to inform you that we have no blank Will Forms in stock, but same are on order and we shall send you round a copy without fail to-morrow evening at latest.

for PENWHISTLE & Co.,

SILAS POPPLESNIPE,

Manager.

Lyra Lunatica.

The Dream-Millionaire.

WEALTH flagrantly transcending
The dreams of avarice
I've never viewed as tending
To perfect earthly bliss;
With signal moderation
I find my proper sphere
The liberal dispensation
Of a million pounds a year.

By radio, world-engirdling,
Faster by far than Puck,
By STANWOOD's speedy hurdling
I own I'm wonder-struck;
But do not think it "matey"
The countryside to scour
At a greater speed than eighty
Or a hundred miles an hour.



"WE OUGHT ALL TO BE VERY PROUD, McTAVISH, OF BEING BORN IN SUCH A BONNIE COUNTRY, THOUGH AS A MATTER OF FACT MY WIFE HERE IS A SOUTHERN BUDDY."

"EH, MON, I'M MARRIED ON A SOUTHERN BUDDY MASEL. BUT SHE'S PAIRFECTLY CLEAN AND RESPECTABLE."

Clothes I must have in plenty,
Like great ELIZABETH—
How nice to order twenty
Pairs of trousers in one breath!—
And yet I should be sparing
Of controversial hues
And not persist in wearing
Red shirts or blacks or blues.

I do not hanker greatly
For bins of priceless port,
But my mansion should be stately
With a real tennis-court,
With treasures rare and curious
In wondrous carven chests,

And thirty-six luxurious
Best-bedrooms for my guests.

A quarter of a million
Devoted to sweet sounds
I'd spend on a pavilion
Erected in my grounds,
With the design of giving
Employment in the band
To those robbed of their living
By music that is "canned."

Though in my dream Exchequer
Constructively inclined,
At times I'd play the wrecker
For the safety of mankind;

For there's many a poisonous paper
I long to crush or quell—
But I'd recommend RUTH DRAPER
For an Oxford D.C.L.

Still, mindful how great "BONEY"
Reproved o'erweening pride*
And how upon a pony
Did Yankee Doodle ride,
I'd rather smoke a Broseley
And dine off fish-and-chips
Than dare to be a MOSLEY
Or ape a STAFFORD CRIPPS.

C. L. G.

* Il faut se borner.



"IF ANYBODY HAD SAID, ERNEST, THAT YOU WOULD ANSWER THE CALL OF THE SEA LIKE THIS I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED THEM."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Pioneers, O Pioneers.

FOR an ardent disposition it is naturally more entertaining to storm a fort than to hold it, and the efforts of the nineteenth-century feminist to carry the masculine outworks in education, literature, the Civil Services, politics and exploration are naturally far better reading than the exploits of the women "arrived." There is something at once ironical and indecisive about Mrs. JANET E. COURTNEY's handling of the stalwarts of her day, for she herself was a redoubtable (though now regretted) anti-suffragist, and she cannot help admitting that a home education in not infrequently the narrowest surroundings fostered a large proportion of the ablest women she describes. *The Women of My Time* (DICKSON, 12/6) is, I feel, chiefly delightful for its intimate portraits of such "characters" as ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH, MARY KINGSLEY and EMMA CONS, improvisers who saw the roads before they were made, so to speak. When Mrs. COURTNEY speaks from imperfect personal knowledge she is apt to be dull, as in her totally inadequate portrait of the unforgettable LAWRENCE of Roedean. It was obviously impossible to render the book a complete record, and I should have preferred an ampler reliance on its wholly attractive and memorable vein of personal reminiscence.

The Paragon of Mountebanks.

MR. DENIS GWYNN is quite deplorably honest. He has

written the history of an Irish gentleman—*The O'Gorman Mahon* (JARROLD, 18/-)—who was commonly reputed to have fought eighteen duels, to have hobnobbed with Tsars and Emperors, and to have figured as a General in one South American Republic, as an Admiral in another, and as an Archbishop in a third. Unquestionably he was in and out of Parliament for fifty years and was accepted at his own extreme valuation in unexpected quarters abroad. In spite of all this gorgeous subject-matter the author has felt obliged, on account of some miserable scruples about authenticity, to produce a book that is perhaps at times a little on the wrong side of commonplace. The trouble is that such letters as can be found hardly touch on the more appealing aspects of a kaleidoscopic career, and there are no diaries. Yet enough has been assembled to portray a man unique for a certain grandiloquence and the self-assurance that comes from perfect egotism, coupled with a mountain of truculence and more than a dash of real genius. He is idiosyncrasy—on the whole, rather unpleasant idiosyncrasy—personified.

In the Wake of the Vikings.

General and Air Marshal ITALO BALBO deserves all the honours and congratulations he has received, and I would like to thank him now for his modesty. In *My Air Armada* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 18/-) he gives most of the credit for his wonderful aerial tour to Fascism and the DUCE. *Viva Italia!*—but the extraordinary reliability of his engines and wireless set also a great example. He went with twenty-five flying-boats from Rome to Chicago to attend the World Fair of 1933. He flew by Ireland, Iceland and Canada (over

the Alps first), carrying a hundred men, and returned by the Azores and Lisbon. Of course there had to be two years of organisation and preparation for this "showing the flag" (for instance, two ships, a flotilla of trawlers and two submarines had to accompany the 180-mile-an-hour machines). From the time of readiness to start to arrival the times were thirty-one days for the outward journey and nineteen for the return. The statement that the "American police" in Montreal are efficient is, I trust, a slip, and not due to prejudice dating from the fact that he was not able to refuel "on an Anglo-Saxon Sunday."

Fair Ways.

This is the fun of the fair: to roam
In your rig of holiday cut
Smashing a crock in the happy home
Or bagging a cokernut;
Flaunting the trophies your prowess
earns

In rifle or houp-là bouts,
With never a care for the balanced
returns

Of the swings and the roundabouts.
But fun isn't all that the fairs provide,
And PHILIP ALLINGHAM, he
In *Cheapjack*, shows us the seamy side,
And plenty of seams there be,
Though he took the road in his even-
ing kit

And a topper, rain or shine,
And managed to get away with it
In the "tick-off" or palmist line.

His record of joy and of black despair
At the ups and downs rings true,
Spiced as it is with the open air,
The talk of the canting crew,
And the boundless hope that yester-
day's flop

May to-day be fortune's pet.
(The book is on sale at HEINEMANN'S
shop

At seven-and-sixpence net.)

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN, apart from his other achievements in the world of letters, is well-known as a sympathetic yet discriminating admirer of GORDON, an industrious and indefatigable collector of details of the life of his hero and a very capable critic of a poet whose works are admittedly somewhat difficult to appraise and compare with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. Editors of our less voluminous writers are often wont to give us the entire output of their pens—too often to the detriment of their reputations. Mr. SLADEN, in *Adam Lindsay Gordon: the Life and Best Poems of the Poet of Australia* (HUTCHINSON, 6/-), has avoided this error and purposely reproduced only those poems of GORDON's which he considers the best; and with his choice none will cavil, for among many others we find here the beautiful stanzas of "Doubtful Dreams," "De Te," "The Rhyme of Joyous Garde," "Podas Okus,"



"I BOUGHT THIS FEZ AT PORT SAID, STEWARD, BUT I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO GO TO THE FANCY-DRESS BALL AS. HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS?"

"WHY NOT BUTTON UP YOUR COLLAR, SIR, AND GO AS SULIMAN THE MAGNIFICENT?"

"The Swimmer," and that charming lyric, "A Song of Autumn"; while among the more direct and virile verses are "How We Beat the Favourite," "From the Wreck" and "The Sick Stockrider"—and that to many of us most perfect little ballad of all, "The Romance of Britomarte." Mr. SLADEN has once more placed the many admirers of this melancholy and wayward genius under a debt of gratitude.

Nautical Thrills.

It is the frequent habit of old seafaring men to assert with emphasis that the much-talked-of "romance of the sea" never existed, that the discomfort of the days of

sail was only equalled by their dullness, and, in short, that the Good Old Days are only to be found in books written by blanketed landlubbers who don't know what they're talking about. Not so Captain G. J. WHITFIELD of the *Arundel Castle*, whose *Fifty Thrilling Years at Sea* (HUTCHINSON 18/-) is a vigorous counterblast to any such assertion. Captain WHITFIELD can spin yarns, lots of 'em! He has taken part in shipwrecks, fires, suppressing mutinies—in fact nearly every kind of marine adventure the boy of yesterday used to dream of encountering. One might say indeed, that he had been everything but drowned, and, although I could wish that he were a little less lurid and lavish in the matter of adjectives, which he throws about as freely as the bucko mates of his narrative their belaying-pins, his autobiography provides a lively picture of a chapter of nautical history which is now definitely closed. His later chapters deal with the work of the Merchant Navy during the Great War, an aspect of that catastrophe which has so far been by no means over-written, and include more than one unrecorded example of the hardihood, endurance and sturdy devotion to duty which demonstrated that the best traditions of that Service had by no means perished with the sailing-ship.

Mongolian Mysteries.

Those who enjoyed *Indiscreet Letters from Peking* on their first publication thirty years ago are never likely to forget their debt to the lively writer who used the pseudonym of "PUTNAM WEALE." He followed this success with a number of really informative books on the peoples of the Far East. Now we have his posthumous novel, *The Silver Sutra* (HEINEMANN, 7/6). This is of the nature of a thriller, and was clearly written for entertainment only. It certainly achieves its purpose, for the reader is led about Mongolia in queer company and witnesses many stirring scenes. Incidentally he learns something of silver-mining in the wilds. The excitement is well maintained and the ending is delightfully unusual. We are sorry to bid farewell to a practical expert in Oriental psychology.

The Lighter Side of Murder.

Though most of us would be appalled by any actual contact with murder, were it only as a lady or gentleman of the jury, that particular crime, in newspaper or novel, is sure to attract many readers. A "spot" of murder is a safe card for a novelist to play, and Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES, who gives us two spots, or rather two murders, in *Another Man's Wife* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), is a practised hand who may be trusted to indulge in bloodshed to the benefit of both her readers and herself. Here she does not wrap her crimes in mystery or surround them with physical horrors or supernatural alarms; she lets us see the beautiful inhuman *Delia Seaton* at work eliminating the living obstructions in her path to fortune, and find our excitement in wondering whether she will get away with it. It is no part of a reviewer's business to say here whether she does

or does not, but at least *Another Man's Wife* can be emphatically recommended as—the phrase is a little odd—a good light murder story which, though almost entirely lacking in distinction, holds the reader's attention—as the previous work of its author would lead one to expect—from the first page to the last.

A Bogus Princess.

Mr. J. S. FLETCHER's indefatigable sleuths, *Camberwell* and *Chaney*, are given an exceedingly difficult and complicated problem to solve in *Murder of the Secret Agent* (HARRAP, 7/6). Not only had they to investigate a murder that had been committed in Yorkshire, but they also had to keep an eye upon a lady calling herself *Princess Sarentzoff*, who lived in London and was extremely evasive. I can recommend this story to all sensational fiction fans, for Mr. FLETCHER controls a very mixed bag of characters with unerring skill. *Camberwell* and *Chaney* have now engaged in eight hunts, and I am inclined to think that the eighth is the most ingenious and exciting of the batch.

The Field of Play.

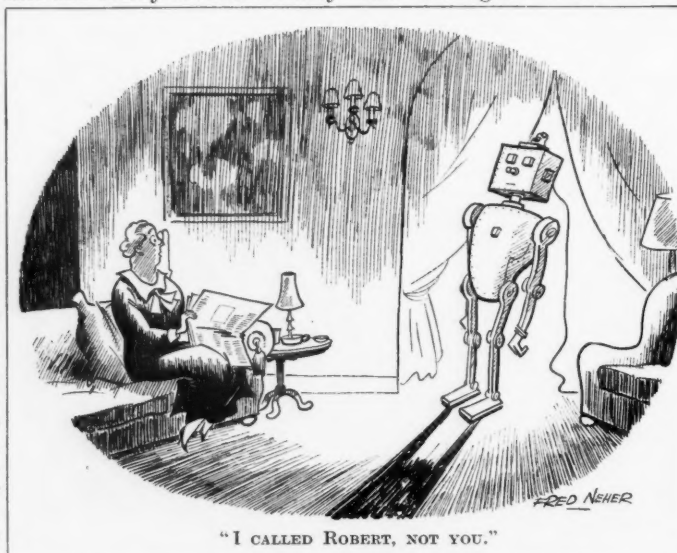
Mr. MAURICE TATE has been such a prominent figure in the world of cricket during so many years that *My Cricket Reminiscences* (STANLEY PAUL, 5/-) cannot fail to interest lovers of the game. At the same time I for one could wish that the author had been less insistent upon airing his personal grievances. Assuredly these reminiscences would have been more dignified if Mr. TATE had been readier to accept the rough with the smooth. He has, however, done—as Mr. A. P. F. CHAPMAN says

in a foreword—"brilliant work for England and Sussex," and the story of his achievements as an all-round cricketer is well worth recording. And I hope that he will continue to add to this story for many a year.

Mr. Punch on Show.

At Home.—An Exhibition of the original work of LIVING "PUNCH" ARTISTS is being held at the "Punch" Offices until June 8th. The Collection will also be shown at the Galleries of Messrs. THOS. AGNEW AND SONS, Ltd., 43, Old Bond Street, W.1, from June 19th to July 14th inclusive. Admission will be free. Catalogues will be for sale, price one shilling, the proceeds being devoted to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

On Tour.—An Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at The Winter Garden, Ikley from June 16th to July 14th, and at Hereford from September 8th till October 20th. Invitations to visit the Exhibition at the "Punch" Office, or the other Exhibition at any of the provincial towns, will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Offices, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, England.



"I CALLED ROBERT, NOT YOU."